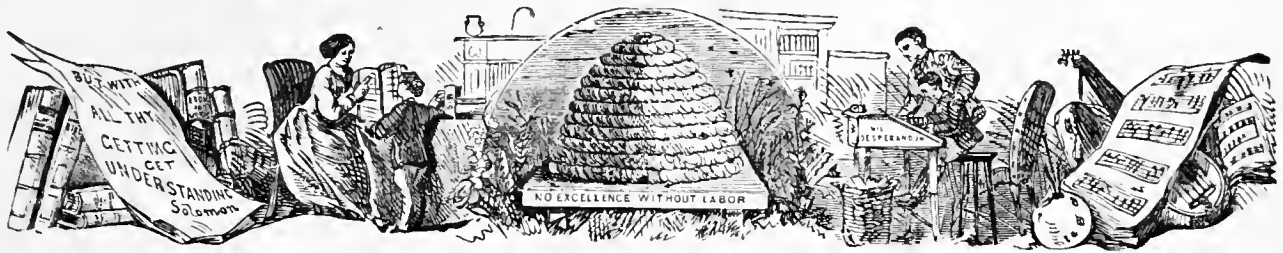


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



VOL XI.

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NO. 22.

A PATAGONIAN ENCAMPMENT.

PATAGONIA, as probably most of our little readers are aware, is the most southern country of South America. In many respects it may be considered a strange country, and the native inhabitants quite as strange a people. In stature they are very large, as may be inferred from the accompanying picture of a Patagonian encampment. Among some of the tribes, the men average six feet in height, and their manner of dressing, being clothed in robes or mantles made from the skins of animals, which reach from their shoulders almost to the ground, gives them the appearance of being taller than they really are. Then, too, it is said that some tribes are unusually long in the body, while

their extremities are comparatively short, and these, when seen riding on horseback, look almost like so many giants.

The following description of this people is from an authentic work on the subject:

"Their color is a reddish brown. Their shoulders are large, and well thrown back; the chest is well expanded; the head large, the forehead open and prominent; the mouth large; the eyes black, and generally large; the nose frequently hooked, long, and thin, though among some tribes it is, as a rule, broad at the nostrils; the ears are large, and elongated by the heavy ornaments of their own manufacture which they wear in them, and which are so large that they often rest on the shoulders. The



hair, generally black, coarse and lank, is sometimes rolled together on the top of the head. Their houses, called 'roukahs' are formed of three rows of stakes driven into the ground. The middle row is higher than the others, and the three rows are tied together with strings of hide, and so kept in their place. This frail framework is covered with hides which reach the ground on all sides, and are fastened to it by small stakes of bone. At nightfall, guanaco hides are spread on the ground within the tents, and the men and women, laying aside their mantle, their only garment, and which sometimes serves as a blanket, go to sleep under the same roof and in the same apartment. Bathing in cold water every morning, throughout the whole year, is a custom to which men, women and children conform; and although the morning bath may not free them from vermin—a national characteristic—yet it has the effect of preventing disease, and of enabling them the more easily to endure the severities of winter. The men, when out on the hunt, show wonderful courage and adroitness; when not so engaged, they live in perfect idleness. They are incredibly greedy and voracious. They deck their heads, and ornament them into the perfection of ugliness, greasing their hair with the grease of the horse. They pull out the hair of the eyebrows and beard, and paint their bodies with black red, and other colors."

The Patagonians are nomadic in their habits, that is, they have no settled residences, but wander about from place to place, subsisting on the produce of the chase. Their living consists generally of the flesh of the horse, guanaco—or wild llama, nandu—or Patagonian ostrich, and the gama—a kind of deer that inhabits that region. The flesh is generally eaten raw, and they seem to desire no better food. The guanaco is to them the most important animal they have; for in addition to its flesh being a staple article of food for them, its skin furnishes them with clothing, and covering for their rude houses. The mantles made from guanaco skins are manufactured by the women, who, in a kind of a rude way, tan the leather, and then sew the hides together with the sinews of the animal; so that the guanaco also furnishes them with a substitute for thread. The seams of the mantles are rubbed with stones to soften and flatten them, and then the robes are painted in fancy designs. Without these mantles the Patagonians could scarcely exist, as their country, that is, the eastern and principal part of it is subject to sudden and violent changes of temperature, and though generally dry and hot, is often visited with frigid hurricanes which sweep over the plains east of the Andes in the most terrific manner. During these hurricanes the covering of skins is frequently torn from the roofs of their "roukahs," or huts, and their mantles are their only preservation. Clothed in them they are generally secure against the coldest storm. There is a curious superstition among them connected with these storms; indeed, they are very superstitious in regard to many things. They think that all misfortunes, in the shape of natural phenomena, or otherwise, are sent to them as a punishment for their sins, and when a tempest overtakes them they cower and crouch in their huts, shivering quite as much from fear as from the cold, and do not attempt to replace the covering on their huts when they see it blown off.

The Patagonians worship the sun and moon, and have some very queer ideas in regard to religion; indeed, they are in many respects a very curious people, yet possess withal some very good qualities. We shall probably tell our readers in some future article something more about these Indians and the interesting country which they inhabit.

ANTEDILUVIAN HISTORY.

BY JAS. A. LITTLE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the traditions of their fathers, the Latter-day Saints have generally believed that the events of antediluvian history took place on this continent. Although the Prophet Joseph Smith has left no written revelation, he has left enough oral tradition to materially change our views on this subject of, perhaps, more historical interest than present importance; and we accept as a fact that here Eden bloomed in its primeval beauty, to gratify the refined tastes of man in his happy primeval condition; that here he was driven from its glories to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, and initiate intelligence into the conditions of mortality. That here Jehovah first instructed man in the way of life through the sufferings of a Savior who was to come, and endowed him with the powers of a priesthood which has come down through the eternities past, and will descend through time and the eternities to come. Mysterious in its workings, guiding and controlling all things, and comprehended by man only as revealed to him by its own power. That here Adam gathered together his posterity and blessed them, and fulfilled the conditions of disobedience by passing through the portals of death, to the life beyond. That here Enoch perfected a people who were taken to the bosom of the Eternal. That here Noah built the ark and freighted it with the germ of future empire, amid the jeers of surrounding multitudes. And that here was a vast population, the accumulative results of primeval longevity.

While we cannot comprehend the excess of wickedness that made a general purification of the earth necessary, much less can we conceive of the myriads of existences which the flood swept away from its surface, and the vast panorama of death which the debris of a world floating upon the waters must have afforded.

The ark, a mere speck in the interminable desolation, a point of salvation in the universal wreck, floated off majestically on the swelling flood, with a remnant of humanity sufficient for the designs of Jehovah, and such a collection of animals as has not since been seen by man.

We will now leave the old world with its sad reminiscences of wickedness and its sufferings. To us it seems a long way in the misty shadows of the past, to which we are only connected by that little rivulet of life flowing through the ark, since swelling into a mighty and incomprehensible river.

Doubtless the earth retained in its bosom the germ of vegetable life from which it was soon clothed in its former beauty; but it was a long time before human voices relieved the silence of continents, or the howling of beasts echoed through the vast desolations, or winged songsters relieved the monotony of interminable forests. The finny tribe gambled and devoured each other in the watery element, and reptiles croaked and crawled in the slimy pools, and insect life begotten of the turbid waters, gloated on the remains of antediluvian existence. The fancied scene could only find a parallel in the early period of the earth's existence, before a beautiful vegetable creation was enlivened by the presence of beasts and birds, and the pre-ordained lord of all—man.

Only as Divine revelation brings to light the records of the past, will the present generation, and those still to come, have a correct conception of the wondrous ways, the special providences, by which the earth has been peopled, and especially this portion of it, and the islands of the sea.

A Trip to Our Antipodes.

CHAPTER XXII.

BY HUGH KNOUGH.

THE next day I went over to Lyttleton, where I had left my baggage, and secured a berth on board the schooner *Wellington*, bound, the following day, for Timaru. The only other passenger on board was a lady, who was on her way to join her husband. We occupied adjoining berths—a curtain separating us, and we were both very sick during the first day of our voyage. The next day, about noon, the captain informed us that Timaru was in sight, but we looked in vain for it. Looking towards land, all that we could see was a rough, open beach, with a line of dangerous looking reefs between us and it. We anchored about two miles distant from shore—it did not look near that distance, but sight is very deceptive in the way of distances at sea. Presently two well manned life-boats came alongside. The boatmen had been carefully selected at Deal, in Kent, England (a place noted for ages for its expert boatmen), purposely to man the boats in this dangerous roadstead. We were soon seated in one of these boats, piles of freight being packed around us, and we started for the shore. Nearing the reefs, I noticed that the channel was hardly more than wide enough for the boat to pass through with shipped oars, and the least carelessness on the part of the men, would wreck us on these needle like rocks. (I afterwards saw many accidents with boats coming over these reefs, and one stormy night saw three of the Deal boatmen drowned. The poor fellows bravely went out in a dangerous sea, at midnight to the relief of a ship in the roads, signalling distress; but in endeavoring to cross the reef, three of them met their death. Occasionally I volunteered to take an oar with the boatmen, but the last time I went I had a narrow escape, which gave me a great scare; I did not want to go again in a hurry.)

As we neared the beach I observed that a heavy sea was rolling in; in fact, I felt it pretty plainly, and the surf was very high. The manner of disembarking was in this way: when the boat was on the last wave rolling in, the men gave a strong pull, immediately unshipped oars and sprang into the surf, hauling with all their might the boat on to the beach, others on shore rushing to their assistance with ropes. Everybody and everything were deluged in sea water, the surf breaking on the beach fully twelve feet high. We had experienced that sea water would not give us cold, and being once more on land, and at our destination, trifles did not much bother us; we gave a dog shake, and were ourselves once again.

The first question I asked of the gaping crowd on the beach, as soon as I gained breath was, where "the town" was located, I was answered, "Here." I afterwards discovered that when a vessel hove in sight in the roadstead the whole populace would leave their work, and men, women and children rush to the beach to get a look at the new arrivals and to hear news of the outside world, for, at this period, the only communication with the other settlements was by an occasional visit of a coasting schooner, bringing letters, provisions and passengers.

What I thought first to be a large shed on the beach I found to be the "Timaru Hotel." I entered this hovel, run by an old Yankee Whaler, known as "Yankee Sam," alias Samuel Williams. He informed me that he had been

whaling on this coast for the last thirty years, "long before you Britishers knew there was such a location." He was very kind and attentive and conducted me to a neat little bedroom, very rough but clean, where I soon fixed myself in some dry clothes.

After a hearty meal of "damper" and mutton, I started out to see the town. Going to the door and looking out, I observed that the "hotel" was only about 100 feet from high water mark, and looking right and left of me, I saw that the beach was covered with what I first took to be large blocks of granite, (similar to those lying on the Temple Block, in Salt Lake City) but on closer inspection I found them to be monster bones. These I ascertained to be whale bones, and were of all shapes and sizes, literally covering the beach, such great quantities were there of them. Timaru beach had formerly been a whaling station, where the whales, when caught, were towed ashore and cut up. (Whales are not so plentiful on this coast as in former years, but often the cry is heard of "a whale in sight," the huge monster being seen sporting and spouting in the roadstead, when the whale boats are quickly manned and launched for a chase, and sometimes meet with success in a capture.)

Climbing the cliff behind the hotel I surveyed the prospect before me, which consisted of very undulating ground, forming seven hills, on which were about a dozen roughly built cottages, constructed of sod, with timber roofs. This then was Timaru, the spot where I was to begin life anew, a stranger in a strange land, at an age when most boys had not left their mother's apron strings, for I had not yet seen eighteen summers, although I had been kept "moving" pretty briskly the preceding five years. Musing thus alone, my fancy carried me back to London and thoughts of Rome and Athens, and I wondered if either of those mighty ancient cities had ever looked like this modern one, for they too were built on seven hills, the same as Timaru was intended to be.

I found out that the Government town joined this on the South, but not yet occupied, excepting by a miniature "look up." The big shed on the beach was formerly a wool shed but now the immigrants barracks, being packed with families waiting for homes to be built for them. The owner of the township was George Rhodes, a native of Yorkshire, England. He had formerly been a whaler, but years back had secured a vast area of land, stretching for miles back and along the coast, for the purpose of sheep and cattle raising, and at which business he ultimately became wealthy. Requiring a handy port to ship his wool, and wanting much occasional help, he hit upon the plan of laying out a township adjoining the Government one, securing a ship load of immigrants and offering them great inducements to settle it. His scheme was more that realized as will be shown "in our next."

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DON'T DESPOND.—The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man, but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage, holds up his head, works on with his hands, and in his unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills; but what is within—that makes or unmakes.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

ENTOMOLOGY-NO. 13

BY W. D. JOHNSON, JUN.

ORTHOPTERA.

THE "locustarie" embrace the true grasshoppers, which are easily recognized by the following characteristics: The wings slope down the sides of the body like a roof, antennæ long, tapering and many jointed, the tarsi, or feet, are four-jointed, the body generally depressed. The female is furnished with a piercer, flattened at the sides, and somewhat resembling a sword or cimeter in shape. The general color of these insects is green; they are furnished with wing covers which resemble the leaves of the trees or shrubs on which they live. They are nocturnal in their habits, and are silent during the daytime: their food is leaves of plants. Most of them are solitary, and do not associate or migrate from place to place, like some of the crickets and locusts, and consequently do but little damage. Some of these insects live on grass and plants, while others pass the whole of their lives upon trees. They deposit their eggs in holes made in the ground by their ovipositor; a large number of eggs are laid at one time, and covered with a water and cold-proof varnish. Those that live upon trees, make furrows in the branches and lay their eggs in them. The males are furnished with musical organs, consisting of a pair of taborets. They are formed by a thin, transparent membrane stretched in a strong, half-oval frame in the triangular portion overlapping each wing cover; the taborets are clear like glass, the friction of the frames of the taborets against each other, as the insects open and shut their wings, produces the sounds which consist of two or three distinct notes, which exactly resemble articulated sounds. As soon as twilight commences, the males begin their tell-tale call, from the trees of the garden, to enliven their silent mates; this noise they keep up till the dawn of day. Some of these grasshoppers have the front of the head obtuse, and others conical, or prolonged into a point between the antennæ.

Our most common obtuse-headed grasshopper is the "katy did," (*cryptophyllus concavus*) so called, as the notes made by this insect resemble the syllables "katy did, she did." It is one inch and a half in length, of a green color, wings concave, and meet on the under side of the body, like the two sides or halves of a pea pod. The thorax is rough like shagreen, and has the appearance of a saddle in both sexes. There are two small thorn-like projections on the breast between the fore-legs. The notes of these insects can be heard for a quarter of a mile. The ovipositor of the female is broad, laterally compressed and curved like a cimeter; the eggs are slate-colored.

Another common insect in this Territory is the oblong, leaf-winged grasshoppers, (*phylloperu oblongifolia*). The wing covers are narrow, not concave, and shorter than the wings; the thorax is smooth, and has no spines on the breast. The ovipositor of the female has the same form as the "katy did;" it lives on the locust and other shade trees.

The little conical-headed grasshopper (*Xiphidium fasciatum*), which is found in our meadows, is the smallest insect of this family, being only four fifths of an inch in length. The ovipositor is nearly straight.

A common and well known insect of this family is found in the northern part of this Territory. It is the *anabrus simplex*, of Thomas, but erroneously called "cricket." Many of our readers will, no doubt, remember them for the extensive ravages they did to the crops in the early settlement of this

Territory. They are quite large, being from one inch and three fourths to two inches long. Exclusive of the piercer and legs, the body is smooth, shining and of a black color, the back arched, antennæ long and bristle-like, much longer than the body; they are destitute of wings. They are generally found in immense swarms, and when they become numerous they prove a great scourge. They are omnivorous, their general diet is vegetables; but they have been known to eat other insects. The female is furnished with a long ovipositor over an inch in length, which she inserts to the full length into the ground, and then deposits her eggs at the bottom. The breeding ground is generally dry bench lands.

Gulls, and other birds, prey upon these insects, and thereby keep them in check. They are also eaten by the Indians with evident relish, they roast and pound them into a coarse-grained meal, and then mix them into cakes, which make a nutritious diet, as the Indians become fat during "cricket years."

THE FIRST AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

JUST beyond the west end of Machinery Hall, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in the open air, is the first locomotive ever run in America, and which is attached to two passenger cars such as were used in 1833. Both the locomotive, cars, and the track upon which they stand, are such curiosities in their way, in comparison with those used to-day, that we will give our readers a description of them. The rails are not attached to wooden cross-ties, but to great, square stones, upon which are placed thin blocks of wood, as it was considered unsafe in those days to run an engine which weighed nine tons, on rails affixed to anything so frail as wood. The rails are much lighter than those used to-day, were rolled in England, and then shipped to America at great expense. The locomotive, "John Bull," was built in England in 1825, and then shipped to America. On the arrival of this locomotive at Bordentown, N. J., it was transferred from the sloop on which it had been brought from Philadelphia, by means of wagons to the only permanent track of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company then completed, about three fourths of a mile in length, and about one mile from Bordentown. The machinery was then put together, and a tender constructed from a whiskey hogshead placed on a small four-wheeled platform car, which had been used by the contractor in the construction of the road. The connection between the pump of the locomotive and the water tank was made by means of a leather hose made by a shoemaker. This engine first began to run in 1833, and took the place of horses, which had been used up to that time. The cylinders are nine inches in diameter, have twenty-inch stroke, and are placed underneath the front end of the boiler, in between the two front driving wheels. There are two pairs of these driving wheels, four feet six inches in diameter, which are not coupled together, so that the force of the steam on the piston is exerted on the rear pair alone. The cow-catcher consists of two long wooden beams, which have their rear ends pivoted on the outside ends of the shaft of the front pair of driving wheels, while the front ends of the beams are supported upon a special pair of wheels three feet in diameter. In order to prevent this catcher from rising too high, it is held down upon the rails by a coiled spring. There is no cab for the engineer and fireman, and the only protection whatever given to them from the cold, heat, wind, rain and snow, is that the front end of the roof of the little

tender projects slightly over the rear end of the locomotive. The funniest feature is a covered seat, such as are used on wagons, but only large enough for one person, which is placed on the top of the big covered box that forms the tender, and which seat is turned so that the person sitting in it looks back over the train. The two cars are each about thirty feet long, and look more like the "Black Marias" that are used to convey prisoners from the different stations than passenger cars. The windows are about twelve inches high by six inches wide: are not made to be raised or opened, and are furnished with sliding curtains. Above each seat is a ventilator two feet long by six inches wide, so that each one can ventilate for himself.

In Machinery Hall there are about a dozen of locomotives of all kinds and sizes, one of which is one of sixteen purchased by Dom Pedro to be sent to Brazil, and is named after him. The locomotives built in England and America differ principally in two particulars. The Americans place their cylinders outside of the driving wheels, while the English place theirs in between them, under the front end of the boiler. The Americans never use driving wheels larger than about five feet in diameter, while the English have always made them from six and a-half to eight and a-half feet in diameter. As long as the track is perfectly level these immense wheels are just what is needed, but as soon as grades are encountered, they only impede the progress of the train, and the English are now beginning to realize this, and are discarding these immense drivers, and adopting the American plan of never having them over about five feet. To the Americans are due some of the best improvements in the locomotive. America has built the largest passenger engine ever made, also the largest coupled engine, but the latter was a failure, owing to the false theory on which it was built. As a general thing, the English run their cars faster than the Americans, but this is owing to better ballasted roads and more uniform levels.

SOCIABILITY.—Think how much happiness you convey to each other by kindly notice and a cheerful conversation. Think how much sunshine such sociability lets back into your own soul. Who does not feel more cheerful and contented for receiving a polite bow, and a genial "good morning," with a hearty shake of the hand? Who does not make himself happier by these little expressions of fellow feeling and good will? Silence, and a stiff, unbending reserve, are essentially selfish and vulgar. The generous and polite man has pleasant recognition and cheerful words for all he meets. He scatters sunbeams wherever he goes. He paves the path of others with smiles. He makes society seem genial, and the world delightful to those who would else find them cold, selfish and forlorn. And what he gives is but a tithe of what he receives. Be social wherever you go, and wrap your lightest words in tones that are sweet and a spirit that is genial.

A BIG FLOWER.—What do you say to a flower bigger than a dinner-plate, and weighing three or four pounds? What a button-hole bouquet that would make—especially if you added one of its leaves, over eight feet across! This is the giant flower of the world, I'm sure, and it is the water-lily which grows in South America, near the giant river of the world. Just fancy a pond covered with these enormous leaves, each weighing about a dozen pounds, and covered with long-legged water-birds, of all sorts, who run about on them, without wetting their toes. And think of the large buds, as big as your head, and the large white, fragrant flowers!

A SONG.

GO TO THE ANT, THOU SLUGGARD: CONSIDER HER WAYS AND BE WISE."—Solomon.

TUNE:—"Tis my delight on a shining night."

BY WM. WILLES.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, go,
Go scan her ways—be wise;
Bright lessons she can plainly show—
Which no one should despise—
In wisdom, diligence and zeal,
Which all should highly prize;
Then go to the ant for wisdom, go,
If you would shine and rise.

Mid summer's pleasant sun's bright ray
Learn forethought, and prepare
For every dark and rainy day.
And learn not to despair;
For you will surely wisdom need,
To guide from day to day.
This plan will help you to succeed—
You'll find that it will pay.

Upon the list place business first,
And then let pleasure in;
For knowledge ever have a thirst,
And ne'er give way to sin;
For you will find that wisdom's way
Will ever pleasant be.
If ne'er in crooked way you stray
You'll be from error free.

A PAPER AGE.

IF this has not been a golden age, or an iron age, one might fairly call it a paper age. Surely we are finding as many uses for paper as the people of the Orient do for their palm tree, which is said to supply three hundred and fifty of their wants. When we consider that shoddy, now so largely used, is only a kind of paper made of woolen rags instead of cotton, we can see the many purposes to which it may yet be applied. A friend who owned large paper roofing factories, showed me one day samples of what I took to be very handsome silk, of heavy quality and of rich, dark colors. They were only samples of paper made to imitate dotted silk, and were intended for milliners' uses. I have used the roofing paper on a hall floor, and when painted it is an excellent substitute for oil-cloth, and not so cold to the feet. I have seen a large house built with only this paper for its sides and roof, and it was said to stand the weather well, and to be very comfortable.

A paper carpeting printed in small, neat patterns, is considerably used on office floors, as it wears well and is quite inexpensive. We are all familiar with paper flour bags, tied with paper twine, paper toys of all sorts, from tops to whistles, and paper collars and cuffs have become more common than linen ones.


Some seer is predicting a time when people shall go clad from head to foot in paper suits, which will cost less than the washing of a cloth one. Surely we are coming on toward that day when we hear of paper vests for summer, of the most approved Marseilles stamp, and when we wear on our feet paper sole leather, which we never suspect till the shoes are about worn out. Summer wardrobes, when that good time dawns, will be very inexpensive affairs, and will not require a pocket full of paper greenbacks to purchase, as at the present.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1876.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

OR nearly eight years past, the Latter-day Saints have had an opposition to meet, that has probably exceeded anything they have known during any similar period in their history. A combination has been in existence for that period which has been known as a "ring." Its object has been the overthrow of the priesthood and the destruction of the church. Until quite recently every Federal official has belonged to it. When any of them would not join it, they were put under a ban, and every effort was made to have them removed from office. During that period President Young has been the chief object of attack. The evident intention has been to destroy him, and to break down the influence of himself and fellow servants with the people. By doing this, the apostates, and the wicked men who are associated with them, have hoped to accomplish their designs. Every person belonging to the church has been encouraged to disobey and reject the counsel of those bearing the priesthood. No pains have been spared in ridiculing those who have been obedient, and they have been denounced and called all kinds of evil names. The young people of both sexes, particularly, have been sought after and appealed to upon these points. They being inexperienced in the ways of the world, our enemies have hoped they could take advantage of them. By shaming them they have hoped they could make obedience to the priesthood unpopular with them.

In years past the church suffered from mobs and their violence. The Saints were robbed and driven from place to place. They were compelled to leave their houses and lands. This was a great trial to many, and some denied the faith and became apostates because of these persecutions. Our enemies, not being able to drive us now as we were driven aforetime, have adopted other plans. They must continue their warfare in some shape against the truth, else the devil, their master, would not be satisfied. This "ring" has, therefore, been formed. Its members have tried in every way they could to break up the work of God. But what have they accomplished? We desire the juveniles to understand these points. If they will open their hearts and their eyes to see what is around them, they will perceive that the Lord, our God, has sustained His servants and people, and defeated our enemies. Reflect upon the circumstances! The Latter-day Saints are a feeble people in point of numbers. They are in the midst of a nation of forty millions. The officers who have been sent here (and the most of whom have belonged to the "ring," or band which have sought the destruction of the Saints,) have claimed that they were backed by this whole nation. We know they were sustained here by the Administration, or government of Washington. In this Territory they have had the courts and a great deal of other power in their hands. Being in this position, they have flattered themselves that they could

do as they please. And they have gone to work with all their might. Innocent men have been put in prison and kept there upon false testimony. President Young and other leading men have been indicted and put under bonds. For a considerable period a reign of judicial terror prevailed, and no prominent man was safe from attack. In this manner the "ring" have sought to intimidate and overawe the people.

Not only have they done these things in this Territory, but they have framed bills here and sent them to the United States Congress, at Washington, to have them passed as laws. They have also sent some of their number down there many times to urge their passage. If these bills had become laws, the Latter-day Saints would have been completely at the mercy of this wicked "ring." They would have had power over us. They could have stripped us of our rights and put our leading men in prison, and made this Territory so hot with their persecutions that no Latter-day Saint could have lived here in peace. In order to persuade Congress that these bills should be made laws, they have told the most abominable lies about the Saints. They have accused us of every crime, and tried to make the public believe that we were so vile that we ought not to be treated as other citizens are. This they have done that they might get control of the Territory and be able to rob the Saints, and do with them as they pleased, without any one having the power to call them to account.

Children, let us ask you, how have the Saints escaped? Could any hand but the Lord's have delivered us from these snares of our enemies? Is it not a most wonderful thing that we have freedom, that our enemies have not gained power over us, and that President Young and his fellow servants have still influence and authority among the people? Every heart should be filled with thankfulness and praise to the Lord for the wonderful deliverances He has wrought out in our behalf.

During this period the faith of a number of the people has been tested. Some have yielded to the evil influences that have been around them and become apostates. A disposition has been shown by some to treat the priesthood and its counsels with disrespect. This is the result that our enemies have hoped to accomplish with all the people, and especially with the young. They have given every encouragement to them to be like themselves—to have no respect for God nor for His servants. But the bulk of the people have not yielded to their seductions. They know that this is the work of God, and that He has chosen His servants and given them authority to teach and counsel the people. We hope that every JUVENILE who reads the INSTRUCTOR will cherish this faith. Do not be misled by the representations of the wicked. What have they to offer to the Saints? Look at them. Have they peace? Have they union? Do they love one another? Are they happy? Is there happiness in defying God, in breaking His laws, in rebelling against His authority? Do men prosper who are in this condition? What do apostates gain by denying the faith? They become the most unhappy of creatures. The chief enjoyment of many of them consists in fighting the work of God and opposing His people and in trying to do them all possible injury.

But how is it with true Saints? They are at peace in the morning, through the day and the night. They delight in doing good, in loving and helping one another. There is no pleasure to them in disobeying God or rejecting the truth. They are full of contentment and joy. They may be poor, be in adversity and threatened with evil, but they know God is their friend and that His Spirit will be with them to com-

fort and support them, and they rejoice. Children, do all in your power to be true Latter-day Saints.

MONKEY, CAT AND NUTS.

THERE is a moral conveyed in the picture here presented, which, though it may be discerned immediately by some of our readers, may not be so apparent to others. We will

The monkey here shown is one of the most cunning of that interesting class of animals which Professor Darwin regards as distant relatives of his—an honor which we feel quite willing to allow him to monopolize. This monkey, as most monkeys are is very fond of roasted chestnuts, so fond that he is not satisfied with the quantity allowed him by his master, and so, in the absence of that individual, who has carelessly doffed his hat and shoes and left them lying upon the floor, while he has stepped into the next room, the monkey has decided, upon



first explain what we mean by the word 'moral'. Even the smallest of our readers can remember, if they try, some little fable or story that they have read, or heard related, which, though given in simple or even childish language, and about some equally simple or frivolous subject, conveyed a very valuable lesson, that might be applied to actions or subjects not so simple and childish. That lesson, or precept, to be learned from such a source would be called the 'moral' of the story or fable. Now for the moral to be learned from the picture:

helping himself to some nuts. To grab some that he sees within his reach and place them in the front of the fire to roast, is but the work of a moment for him, but then a question arises in his mind as to how he shall get them out again, without burning his hand. He cogitates a moment, and then hits upon a plan. The large house cat is snoozing quietly by the fireplace, and to him he proposes his scheme, which is, that they go into partnership in the nut business; and by a little specious pleading, he makes Tom think it will be about

the most pleasant, best paying and honorable business he ever engaged in. The monkey's proposition is that Tom must rake out the nuts from the front of the fire while he cracks them; and they forthwith proceed to work. Tom is not the kind of a cat to back out when he makes a bargain, so he sticks to it till he has finished, although he burns his paw severely in doing so. Meanwhile the monkey sits at a comfortable distance from the fire in quite a dignified manner, eating the nuts as fast as Tom pokes them out, and, figuratively speaking, laughs in his sleeve at poor, foolish Tom burning his paw for his benefit.

Have you never known any human beings whose actions very much resembled those of the monkey in this case? Persons who, through superior cunning, or smartness, as they prefer to term it, procure the services of others to do that for them which they are either ashamed or afraid to do themselves. That sort of business is very aptly called "making a cat's paw" of a person.

There are persons, many of them, in this world who are vile enough at heart to plan any kind of scheme for their own gain, but who lack the courage to execute it. They prefer hiring others to do the latter part of the business; and then they wear a smile of pride at their own apparent respectability, while their miserable "cat paws," whom they have employed to do their disreputable work for them, are left to bear all the blame.

The moral to be learned from the picture, then, is that you should never be persuaded by eloquent pleading, or induced by plausible stories to engage in anything that your own good sense and the advice of well tried friends do not tell you will be right and proper and safe for you to undertake. In other words, never allow yourself to be used as a "cat's paw."

POWER OF A SUNBEAM.—The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves like the gentlest and most accommodating.

Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary, not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as though they were too flimsy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it into tremulous motion.

The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blesses the useful light.

Yet a few of these rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Cincinnati and Covington Suspension Bridge, will compel the closely knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists up whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again as snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest and the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is so capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful and so unpretentious a guise.

Questions and Answers ON THE BOOK OF MORMON.

LESSON CXVII.

Q.—How long did peace continue in the land after the Lamanites "withdrew their design?"

A.—About four years.

Q.—What was the condition of the people at this time?

A.—Wickedness prevailed throughout the land, inasmuch that the Lord took away His beloved disciples.

Q.—What did Mormon endeavor to do?

A.—To preach to the people, but was forbidden, for they wilfully rebelled against their God.

Q.—What robbers infested the land at this time?

A.—The followers of Gadianton.

Q.—What did the inhabitants of the land do?

A.—They hid up their treasures in the earth.

Q.—What came to pass in that same year?

A.—A war began between the Nephites and the Lamanites.

Q.—Who was the leader of the armies of the Nephites?

A.—Mormon.

Q.—How old was Mormon at this time?

A.—Sixteen years.

Q.—In what year was this?

A.—In the year 326.

Q.—What occurred in the next year?

A.—The Lamanites came upon the Nephites with great power.

Q.—What did the Nephites do?

A.—They began to retreat towards the north countries.

Q.—What city did they take possession of?

A.—The city of Angola.

Q.—What preparations did they make there?

A.—They fortified the city, to defend themselves against the Lamanites.

Q.—Did the Lamanites come upon them there?

A.—Yes; and drove them out of the city, and out of the land of David.

ON THE BIBLE.

Q.—What did Saul say he knew by David's merciful course?

A.—That David should surely be king, and that the kingdom of Israel should be established in his hand.

Q.—What request did Saul then make of David?

A.—That he would not cut off his seed, nor destroy his name out of his father's house.

Q.—How was he answered?

A.—David promised as Saul desired.

Q.—Where did Saul then go?

A.—He went home.

Q.—Where did David and his men go?

A.—They "got them up unto the hold."

Q.—Who died about this time?

A.—Samuel.

Q.—Where was he buried?

A.—"In his house at Ramah."

Q.—Was his death felt by the people?

A.—"All the Israelites were gathered together and lamented him."

Q.—Where did David go to after this?

A.—Down to the wilderness of Paran.

Q.—Who was it that lived in Maon?

A.—Nabal, a man of great possessions.

Q.—What was his character?

A.—"He was churlish, and evil in his doings."

Q.—To what house did he belong?

A.—To the house of Caleb.

Q.—What was his wife's name?

A.—Abigail.

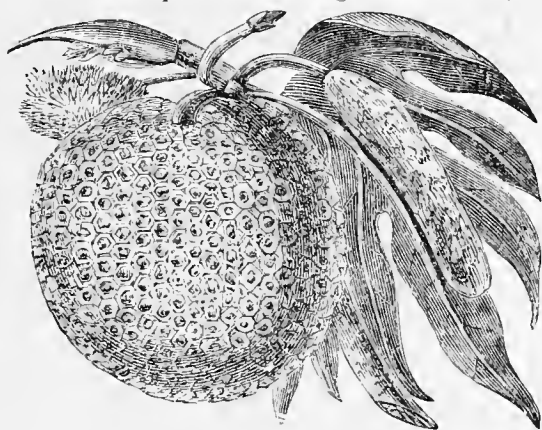
THE BREAD-FRUIT.

BY H. H. C.

PEOPLE who inhabit cold, northern districts of this earth, have but a faint idea of the great variety of delicious fruits which abound in temperate climates.

In the engraving we have a fine representation of the bread-fruit which grows so plentifully on the South Pacific Islands, West India Islands and in South America. In the two latter named places the bread-fruit tree was introduced and commenced to be cultivated not many years ago.

Nature seems to have lavished bountifully rich gifts in certain portions of our beautiful earth, which God in His mercies has permitted His children to enjoy, while other parts are not so highly favored; but the inhabitants of the different zones which differ so materially in products and climate, have become so inured to the provisions which nature's God has made, that they seem adapted to the climate and products, while the climate and products are equally adapted to the wants of the people. The natives of the South Pacific Islands, if suddenly transported from their sunny shores, mild climate, and delicious fruits, into the frozen regions of the north, where nature has provided one night and one day of six



months each in duration, for each year, and compelled to live on the same diet and inhabit the same houses which the Hyperborean tribes are supplied with, but few, if any, could survive the change.

Idleness, among the natives on the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, is attributable to the fact that the several groups of Islands were so well supplied with natural products, amply providing for the wants of the early settlers without any great exertion, that they have learned to let providence continue to support them. Their wants are so few, compared with the wants of the more enlightened nations, that but little time is required, in labor, to support quite a large family.

The bread-fruit is nearly spherical, measuring from four to six inches in diameter, and is prepared for food in different ways. The most complete mode of preparing it, is the one which the natives of the islands where the fruit grows, have adopted. The *imo*, or oven, consists of a pit dug in the ground, of any size desired, filled with fuel and fire stone. The stones when thoroughly hot are covered with a thin layer of sea weed or grass, on which the fruit, *kalo* roots, yams, potatoes, fish, swine, or corn is placed, the whole being covered with a thick layer of grass and dirt, leaving a small aperture in the top, into which a number of gallons of water is poured, which passes down upon the heated stones, produc-

ing steam, which, being kept within, by immediately closing up the aperture, cooks the whole mixture of fruit, *kalo*, yams, potatoes, fish, swine and corn, in the space of thirty or forty minutes. Usually this labor devolves upon the male members of the family.

A query may arise in the minds of some of the readers of this article as to why this fruit is called "bread-fruit." The reason is, that at an early stage, when the fruit is gathered for use, the pulp is white and mealy, and in consistency resembling that of new bread. The fruit is not only very nutritious and a great gift of God to the inhabitants of the islands of the Pacific Ocean; but the bark of the bread-fruit tree, is converted into articles of clothing. Two or three crops are gathered annually from this tree. The wood is used for canoes and furniture; but the trunk of the tree does not grow to be very large nor very high, seldom reaching more than forty or fifty feet in height. The foliage of this tree, especially when the fruit is matured, presents a beautiful appearance, the leaves ranging from twelve to eighteen inches in length.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

AFTER the brethren of the Camp crossed the Mississippi river and entered the State of Missouri, they stopped at a grove in Monroe county. At that place there was a branch of the church called Salt River Church. Some members of that branch joined the Camp; a company of brethren which had been gathered up by the Prophet Joseph's brother Hyrum, also joined the Camp at that place. While here, the Camp was reorganized, and Joseph was acknowledged as Commander-in-Chief and Lyman Wight as General.

About three days after leaving Salt River, the Camp was met by Elders Orson Hyde and Parley P. Pratt, who had been sent by Joseph to Jefferson City, to see Daniel Dunklin, Governor of Missouri. They reported that Governor Dunklin had refused to fulfill his promise to reinstate the brethren on their land in Jackson county. The ground he had for refusing to render the brethren this justice was that it was impracticable.

On June 16th, while the Camp was traveling, a public meeting was called of the citizens of Clay county at the request of Judge Ryland. He was the Judge of the Circuit. The brethren who had been expelled from Jackson county, and who were residing in Clay county, attended that meeting. Propositions were presented by the mobbers of Jackson county to that meeting respecting the brethren's lands from which they were driven in that county. These propositions were apparently fair, but were in reality a sham, as they were of such a character that the brethren could not comply with them. Before any conclusion was arrived at, the meeting broke up in confusion, through one Missourian stabbing another. The man killed was a mobber, who had whipped one of the Saints nearly to death, and boasted of having done the same to many more.

From this meeting some of the Jackson county mobbers started to Independence, to raise an army sufficient to meet Joseph and the Camp of Zion before they could reach Clay

County. All kinds of rumors were in circulation respecting Joseph and the army, as it was called, that he had with him, and considerable fear rested upon the people respecting him and his intentions. As James Campbell, one of the leaders of the mob, was adjusting his pistols in his holsters, previous to starting, he swore that "the eagles and turkey buzzards shall eat my fle-h, if I do not fix Jo. Smith and his army, so that their skins will not hold shucks, before two days are passed."

This man thought he could accomplish this without any trouble. He made no calculations on the power that God could exercise, neither did he think that He would take any notice of him or his actions. But we will relate to you, children, how much he was mistaken. He and the others went to the Ferry, and undertook to cross the Missouri river after dark. When they reached the middle of the river, the boat sank, and seven out of the twelve, who attempted to cross, were drowned. The angel of God was there to hinder them from accomplishing their wicked design. It was an easy matter for him to sink the boat, and to send them to their own place by water. Campbell was one of those who were drowned. He floated down the river some four or five miles, and lodged upon a pile of drift-wood. In that position his body lay until the eagles, buzzards, ravens, crows and other wild creatures ate his flesh from his bones. His own words were fulfilled, and when found about three weeks after, all that was left of him was a horrible looking skeleton. Thus did this wicked man bring upon himself the vengeance of an offended God! It is a fearful thing for a man to incur the displeasure of his Creator. Those men who fought against Zion in those days, and persecuted and mobbed the Saints, have either died miserable deaths, or are now living as miserable outcasts—*forlorn wretches*, who feel an inward consciousness of guilt, and are despised by those who know them. This is the punishment they receive for their wickedness.

On the 19th day of June, the Camp had reached the vicinity of Clay County, where the Saints were principally living who had been driven out of Jackson County. The brethren in the Camp were anxious to hurry forward and meet their brethren in Clay County that day. But they could make no headway. One wagon broke down, the wheels ran off from others and so many things occurred to hinder them, they could make but little progress. Instead of meeting with the Saints, they were compelled to camp near elevated piece of land between the Little and Big Fishing rivers.

That evening an awful storm of wind, rain and hail, accompanied by thunder and lightning commenced, and raged through the night. It seemed as though the heavens were moved to defend the little band of Saints who were under the leadership of the Prophet Joseph. The mob had been collecting with the design, as they said, to "kill Jo. Smith and his army." They intended to unite their forces; but this fearful storm prevented. The only inconvenience the Camp suffered that night was from the blowing down of some of their tents and the rain. But the mob suffered dreadfully. The hail was so severe that it made holes in their hats, and broke some of the stocks of their rifles, and stampeded their horses. They felt that God was fighting for the Saints. One of their number was killed by lightning, and the rest returned home. In the evening, before the storm, the water in Big Fishing river was only to a man's ankles, but the next morning it was about forty feet deep. In Little Fishing river the mob swore that the water rose thirty feet in thirty minutes.

Some of the leaders of the mob afterwards visited Joseph in the Camp. He gave them a recital of the persecutions the Saints had suffered and the intentions of himself and the brethren of the Camp in coming to that country. They were so softened by what they heard that they wept. They afterwards exerted themselves to allay the excitement among the people.

(To be Continued.)

Leaves From a Log Book.

BY G. M. O.

(Continued.)

THE CONTRABANDIST.

"In all my rambling to and fro upon the earth, I have found no sea coast more grand, nor yet more beautiful in its grandeur, than Cornwall. This may be because it is my home; possibly because its rough and rugged shores accord best with my rough and wretched life. The few but precious days of my happiness I passed upon its storm-worn cliffs, and there too I drank the bitterest dregs of sorrow.

"My mother died when I was quite an infant; barely two years afterwards, my father, a lieutenant in His Majesty's navy, was so severely wounded while 'cutting out' a privateer on the coast of Spain as to cause his retirement on half pay; in fact, my father's misfortune was the loss of a leg, yet, although at the time he was but thirty years old, he had been not only fortunate in securing but prudent in preserving his 'prize money,' which, added to his pension, gave him an ample competence. Our cottage was situated on the neck of the Lizard Promontory. Inland, the prospect was bounded by smooth, waving corn fields and velvet-like pasture lands. Seaward, east and west, on each side, rose the great cliffs, holding in check the stormy ocean that surged and hissed and foamed over a black and jagged reef of rocks worn in every variety of form by the rolling waves. Within a mile of our cottage a sunny little village inhabited by fishermen was perched among the rocks, with a small strip of sandy beach to accommodate the fishermen's boats. Little gardens were planted on rude terraces built up the hill wherever the slope was sufficiently gentle and the tall cliff afforded shelter from the sea breeze. But the scene around which the circumstances of my story centre was situated much nearer to our home. Our dwelling was not two hundred yards from the brow of a steep and rocky precipice facing Mount's Bay. A narrow, zig-zag pathway led half way down the cliff to a bench or shelf of level land not over an acre in extent. This plateau had been formed ages past by some sudden land slip. The descent from the bench to the beach was not quite so steep, yet the latter could only be reached by a narrow and winding pathway. A bold headland to the east and the reef of rocks running far out in the sea on the west, forming a natural breakwater, made a safe and snug harbor of the little cove, formed by the sinking of the land. The water in this little bay, usually calm even when old ocean was angrily lashing the reef with foam, was of an emerald green color, and so clear that you could behold the white sand glistening below and watch the fish gliding in and out. The rocky walls of the cliff on each side were bored into vast caverns, in and out of which the sea rolled and the wind moaned continually. The bench

or plateau belonged to William Fathom; indeed, it had been a family possession for many generations. The little cottage built close to the face of the cliff had served as a home for father and son, father and son, for years. The level ground was cultivated as a garden, while the cove below served as a harbor for the boat—for Mr. Fathom assumed to follow the business of a fisherman. I say 'assumed,' because, in reality, he was engaged in the more lucrative but dishonorable traffic of smuggling, his fishing expeditions being but a blind. How long he had been engaged in this nefarious business I do not know, but I have every reason to believe that his father, in fact, his grandfather before him, had followed in the same line. Living alone, perched half way up the cliff, their boat the only craft ever entering the little bay or cove, intimately acquainted with the caves burrowed beneath the rocks, they carried on their business with apparent security.

"Fathom, at the time of our settling near him as neighbors, was about the same age as my father, stout and burly in build, kept himself much to himself, and was looked upon by his acquaintances as a good natured, home-loving sort of a man, too lazy to be ambitious. He had a wife who seemed in her good nature and home-loving propensities a counterpart of himself. They had no children, and but one or two relatives living on that part of the coast.

"We had been living in our Cornish home over two years, and, as you may judge, quite an intimacy had grown up between Mr. Fathom and my father, although, owing to the fisherman's habit of seclusiveness and my parent's crippled condition, visits to either cottage were few, at least with them, for I, then nearly six years old, spent much of my time with Fathom and his wife, being quite a favorite with both of them. My father, either forgetting or ignoring his own hardships and misfortunes as a seaman, resolved to give me a nautical education and fit me as far as possible to follow in his footsteps professionally. Being a thorough sailor himself, as well as having a good education, he assumed the duties of tutor at home, and allowed me to associate during my leisure hours with the fishermen and sailors living in our neighborhood. But our future plans are often greatly changed by unforeseen incidents; so it was in my case.

"I was too young at the time to distinctly remember the circumstances that transpired, but as I grew up my father and Mr. Fathom made me familiar with every incident connected with the wreck of a vessel on the reef of rocks bounding the eastern part of Fathom cove. A heavy gale from the southwest had been blowing with unusual force for several days. The coast was one mass of foam and dashing surf. The huge waves went thundering and roaring through the dark caves, their noise reverberating among the cliffs like peals of artillery. Tales of wreck and disaster were almost hourly reported; and, indeed, the oldest fishermen expressed themselves as never having witnessed the like before.

"It was sometime during the middle watch at night, my father has informed me, that he was aroused from his sleep by a booming report of a gun, swept to leeward by the furious gale. Too well he knew its meaning: a vessel in distress on a dead lee shore. Hastily dressing, he grasped his crutches and hobbled out into the darkness of the night, to render, if possible, aid in warning the ill-fated vessel of her danger. With the rain and spray dashing in his face, and almost bewildered by the wind, the loud beating of the waves upon the rocks and the blinding darkness, he managed to gain the edge of the cliff and scramble down the dangerous path in safety to Fathom's cottage. The fisherman and his wife, prompted by

the same feelings for humanity in distress that brought my father from his cottage, had already secured a large bundle of faggots and were in the act of lighting them when he arrived. In the meantime gun after gun was discharged on board the ship, each report indicating that she was rapidly nearing the land. After repeated attempts, in defiance of wind and rain, the fire burned up and sent its lurid glare across the cove; and almost at the same moment the report and flash of the gun too plainly indicated the position of the vessel. The two men fancied they could hear the crash of falling masts and wails of despair and cries for help, borne on the gale and above the hoarse roaring of the elements, and so they stood transfixed, thanking God that the gloom of night shut out the horrid vision of struggling life from their sight. But the fire was not allowed to die out. Some poor soul struggling in the surf might yet be aided; so my father and Mrs. Fathom kept adding fuel to the flame, while the fisherman descended the path leading to the cove, with the faint hope that some of the unfortunates might drift alive into the less agitated waters of the little bay.

"Fathom has related to me time and again how his spouse and my father vigorously supplied the flame, until the cove was all aglow with the ruddy light, making his descent to the beach easy and objects floating in the water discernable. He first followed the eastern bend of the beach, where the current swept in towards the land with a curve. There he found nothing but broken and splintered pieces of the wreck whirling and circling in the eddies. It was there only that he could expect to find any soul fortunate enough to have been carried over the reef. Sadly disappointed, he then worked his way eastward along the base of the cliff towards the rocks forming the breakwater. But the dashing spray and surf prevented him from going far in that direction; so he returned to the foot of the path and shouted loud and often, that any struggling wretch hidden in the darkness might know that succor was near and answer his hail. The hoarse roar of the gale was the only reply.

"Poor souls, all gone to render your account!' he exclaimed, and turned to ascend the cliff, when a sudden burst of light from the beacon above discovered to him something floating in toward the beach, much like a human being. Hastily he rushed to the edge of the water. The object drew nearer and nearer, until he could make out a large dog, with something white in his mouth, making for the beach. Cheering the poor beast, who was evidently much exhausted, he soon had the pleasure of seeing him stagger through the surf and gain a foothold on the sands. Bearing the burden in his mouth, the poor creature laid it at Fathom's feet, and shook the dripping water from his shaggy coat. Fathom took up the bundle, the body of an infant girl, apparently dead. Around the child's waist and shoulders the parents or friends had tied this blue and white handkerchief (he here showed me the handkerchief he had held before the smuggler's face) 'it made a convenient and secure hold for the dog, and trusting the precious burden to his care, they had doubtless committed them to the mercy of the waves. Fathom hastened with his charge to the cottage, followed by the dog. My father discovered that the child still lived; the proper restoratives were immediately applied, and they soon had the satisfaction of restoring the little being to animation, with a fair chance for its recovery.

(To be Continued.)

MEN are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

DEVOTIONAL HYMN.

WORDS BY R. ALDRIDGE.

MUSIC BY J. J. DAYNES.

Lord ac - cept our true de - vo - tion, Let thy spirit whisper peace; Swell our hearts with fond e -

motion, And our joy in thee in - crease. Never leave us, Never leave us, Help us Lord to

win the race. Never leave us, Never leave us, Help us Lord to win the race.

Never leave us Never leave us

Aid us all to do thy bidding,
And our daily wants supply;
Give thy Holy Spirit's guiding,
Till we reach the goal on high,
Ever guard us, ever guard us,
Till we gain the victory.

May we with the future dawning
Day by day from sin be free,
That on resurrection morning
We may rise at peace with thee;
Ever praising, ever praising,
Throughout all eternity.

SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

TEACH HISTORY OF JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.—LESSON XLII.

Q.—What happened during the first visit of Presidents Young and Eliza K'nebel with the prophet?

A.—Brigham Young and John P. Green spoke in tongues.

Q.—Who was present and heard them?

A.—Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

Q.—Had Joseph ever heard this gift manifested before?

A.—No, they were the first persons he had ever heard speak in tongues.

Q.—Did any one else have that gift at the time?

A.—Yes, Joseph himself, and a few others.

Q.—What did Joseph prophesy about Brigham Young?

A.—That he would some time preside over the whole Church.

Q.—What important revelation did he receive in December, 1822?

A.—That about the war, which was to begin in South Carolina.

Q.—What people were to be engaged in the war?

A.—The people of the Southern and Northern States.

Q.—What was organized in Kirtland about this time?

A.—The School of the Prophets.

Q.—What took place on the 18th of March, 1831.

A.—Joseph Smith ordained Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. W. to be his counselors.

Q.—What else happened at the same time?

A.—Many had heavenly visions, and saw glorious things.

Q.—When did the mob first begin to persecute the Saints in Independence, Missouri?

A.—In April, 1831.

Q.—What did the mob do?

A.—They killed many of the Saints, and drove the rest from their homes.

A CHEERFUL FACE.—There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man, among men, is like sunshine to the day, or gentle, renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself, and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cloud, and vapor hope to cling to the sun illuminated landscape as the blues and moroseness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful always. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner, in the presence of a determined cheerfulness.

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